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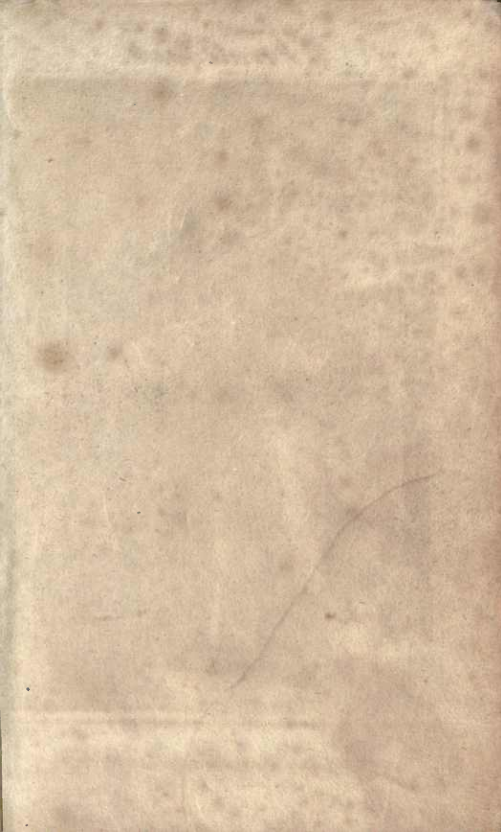
Ethel:

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For

Grandmamma's Love

Mrs. Mary Partridge



Frontispiece.



See page 62.

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THE
SOLDIER'S FAMILY,
AND
OTHER TALES.

*By the Author of Godmother's Tales, Cup of
Sweets, &c. &c.*

London :
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1815.



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THE SOLDIER'S FAMILY.

THE — regiment had been six months in Portugal, when late in the autumn of 18— it was ordered to advance into Spain immediately; and as it was expected there would be severe service, joined to the unfavourable season so rapidly approaching, it was judged prudent for the women who had accompanied their husbands, to remain with their children at Lisbon. Morris, however, a private in the regiment had many reasons to prefer his wife's returning to her native

country, he did not like the Portuguese; they were in his opinion a dirty slovenly set; and where could his dear Susan meet with hearts so ready to assist her, if she were to be distressed, as in Old England; moreover their poor boy was in an ill state of health; Captain H—— had said that he could not proceed with the regiment into Spain, and must therefore have his discharge, which he thought his mother would like better than having him left in the hospital. George, who was born on the 4th of June, was fifteen years of age, and had been three years a fifer in the regiment. He had two sisters, the eldest, named Edith after the Captain's lady, who was her godmother,

thirteen years of age, and Nelly a pretty little creature of five.

The whole army did not produce a more respectable family; Morris was born in the —— regiment, and was an honest sober man, an affectionate husband, a good father, and a brave soldier; his wife the worthiest creature in the world; nothing could exceed her economy, her industry, or the neatness of her dress. She washed for the officers, assisted their ladies whenever she was wanted, whether to attend upon them if indisposed, or to help their servants when they had company. Susan could make herself useful in a thousand ways; and, which was a material point, she could be trusted. If she had remained at Lisbon they

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would all have been kind to her, but poor George's health was daily declining, and besides, Morris wished her to return to England, and what he wished her to do always determined her choice.

"I shall want very little money for myself, my dear Susan," said Morris, "and I will send you all I can possibly spare. As soon as you land at Portsmouth or at Plymouth, whichever it happens to be, go directly into the country with George, I feel sure that he will recover as soon as he breathes English air; it is nothing but the filth and *garlicky* smells in this place that have hurt his lungs. You know Susan we have always been saving, and you have had presents and favour shown

you in the sixteen years we have been married, which few others in your station can boast of,—you shall take all the money with you, and Edith has above three pounds, the dear little creature! which she has gained by flowering muslin for the ladies. George has ten pounds a year left him by your father, and I trust in God I shall hear that—”

“My dear Morris do not trouble yourself about us,” interrupted Susan, “we shall manage very well if I can but see our dear boy recover. You know that I can turn my hand to any thing, and though we may live in the country we shall be near some town where I can get employment; and Edith will never want work. Mrs. H—— told me but yes—

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terday, that she never saw a girl work satin stitch so beautifully in her life, and praised us very much for having had her taught to get her bread so well. I told her, which is exactly true, that in all the different quarters we have been in, we had made it a rule to let the children have, if but one month's schooling, and now we see the good of it; they both of them read and write very well, Edith works like a little fairy, and George can play the fife as well as any boy in the service.—I shall have but one uneasiness, and that will be on your account. Oh! that I could follow you into Spain, and share every danger with you,—we have never yet been separated, and now—!”

Poor Susan's heart was too full to say more. Morris consoled her in the best manner he could, though it was not without great difficulty that he prevented her seeing how much he was himself affected at being left alone (as he called it), who had always been accustomed to have his family about him.

A passage was procured for Morris's wife and children, in a transport returning to Portsmouth. The day arrived on which the ship was to sail, and the wind being fair, they only waited for the tide.—Susan was ready, her little baggage was on board, and she took a grateful leave of all who had been kind to her—she shed floods of tears—for

where the regiment was, was her home, she knew no other.

Not an officer, or an officer's wife belonging to it, but made Susan a present at parting, and she went on board with a purse so well filled that, added to what she already possessed she could have no fear of being able to settle herself decently. Her parting with her husband, it would not be easy to describe, or what he felt when he saw her and his children ascend the ship's side. I must now leave him to face danger, and often hunger, thirst, and cold; where his greatest comfort was the reflection that those he loved much better than himself were far removed from such scenes; as to himself he could bear any thing; and

as to danger there was none, in his opinion, when an Englishman had only to fight with Frenchmen.

The children were all three sea sick, and Susan spent the two first days in attending upon them, thinking of their dear father, and forming plans for providing a comfortable little abode to receive him in, when the regiment should be ordered home ; this she flattered herself would be the case early in the spring, for as there was nothing to do but drive the French out of Spain, their regiment would require very little assistance to enable it to do that. The young people being now seasoned, and able to go upon deck, Susan found time hang very heavy upon her hands. Whilst her children

were ill she had not much leisure, but now she had little to prevent or interrupt her working at her needle many hours without intermission, and her reflections, and her anxiety on her husband's account, were so painful, that she could not bear to sit still, for however slightly she thought of the enemy, some few she knew must suffer in the scuffle, and he might be one of the number.

Fortunately for her she was soon called upon for more active employment, and where she could be of the smallest service, Susan never hesitated an instant; on the present occasion it gave her more than usual pleasure.

On the third morning of their voyage as she was pensively looking

over the side of the ship, watching the waves, she heard one of the seamen say, "There's the bandage got loose from Colonel L——'s shoulder, and the wound bleeding a-fresh; his man, who has all the directions about it, and knows best how to dress it, is so ill that he can neither stir hand or foot. I never saw one of those land-lubbers good for any thing at sea. I have bound it up as well as I could, but the wound must be dressed, and none of us know any thing about it."

Susan heard this; her heart sickened at the idea of a wound, the sight of blood made her shudder, but the hope of being able to alleviate the sufferings of a fellow-creature, got the better of all self-

ish feelings, and she flew to the Colonel's servant, received full directions from him, with the key of a small medicine chest, and proceeded immediately to his master's cabin, where she found the poor gentleman in great pain, and extremely faint.

He gladly accepted her offered services, and having dressed his wound with a hand so light and gentle that he said he scarcely perceived her touch, she made him a comfortable cup of tea, with a bit of dry toast, and then seated herself in a corner, requesting him to call her if he wanted any thing: and having been kept awake the whole night by pain and a feverish heat, the natural consequence of it,

he soon fell into a quiet and profound sleep, in which he continued several hours.

Susan now divided her time between her children and her new master. The sea air appeared to have worked a miracle on George, who found his appetite improve daily, his sleep undisturbed, and his strength returning. Edith worked an hour or two when she was tired of looking at the "world of waters," and little Nelly spent much of her time with her mother in Colonel L——'s cabin, for he grew every day fonder of the child, and made her sit and prattle with him whilst her mother was busied in preparing gruel, barley water, and whatever was necessary for his use.

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Colonel L. often conversed with Susan on her future plans, and finding she intended to settle herself in a small cottage near the place of their disembarkation, he told her that that place would certainly be Portsmouth, and he particularly recommended her to endeavour to procure a habitation in the village of ——— where he had spent some time a few years ago, and knew the air to be good, and the necessaries of life reasonable; that it was not more than two miles, or two miles and half from Portsmouth, and that if he returned to Spain, as he hoped to do as soon as he got the better of his wound, he would not fail to call and see her.

Susan promised to be guided by the Colonel's advice, and now began to wish to see England. Contrary winds from the second day of their leaving Lisbon had occasioned them a longer passage than usual; but the weather becoming fine, and a favourable breeze springing up, they were in a few days safely landed at Portsmouth. Colonel L. took leave of his worthy nurse and her children with regret, assured her that he would never forget her, being firmly persuaded that she had saved his life, and whenever he could serve her, desired she would freely address herself to him. He gave her a direction to a Coffee House in London, would have made her a very handsome present in

money besides a new gown, some instructive books to George, who he had perceived to be fond of reading, a bonnet and a warm winter cloak for Edith, and a frock for Nelly.

Susan in the most positive terms refused the money: all that Col. L. could urge was without effect,—if she had been of service to him, she said, she should be happy enough in reflecting upon it, without requiring any other payment. When she had gone to his cabin, though she knew nothing of wounds, and that she was ready to faint with apprehension when she saw his, she yet thought she should be able to dress it more carefully, and give him less pain than any one but a

surgeon, and a *good nurse* she knew herself to be ; but to have him imagine she had had any view to her own interest, in what she had done for him, was what she could not bear, and begged him in the most earnest manner to think better of her. Colonel L. was much pleased with Susan's disinterested conduct, and after much altercation, gained so far as to persuade her to accept the gown and other trifles, by appearing displeased at her refusal ; but his purse, though she accompanied it with a thousand grateful acknowledgements, she returned.

The Colonel left Portsmouth the next morning, accompanied by his man William, who had been ill during the whole voyage, and looked

as if he had been prematurely dismissed the hospital, and ready to return to it; the poor fellow did not however part with his deputy without giving her many hearty thanks for her care of his master, and begged Edith to accept of a silver thimble for a keep-sake, and Nelly of a new ribbon for her little straw bonnet.

Susan rested herself one whole day with her family, that they might a little recover the fatigue of their voyage, and to make some enquiry about the village Colonel L. had directed her to, and very fortunately the hostler of the inn where they slept was well acquainted with the spot, and engaged to get a boy who would go for a shilling, and find out from the people he could

address him to, whether any thing likely to suit her was to let.

Suffice it to say that the very kind of cottage she required, was at that time vacant, and that Susan having purchased what little furniture she wanted for immediate use, got into it as speedily as she could, to the great delight of her children, who declared it was the prettiest place they had ever seen in their lives, and that when they had put it a little in order and their father come home, they should be the happiest creatures in the world.

Susan was indefatigable, and received every assistance from Edith and George, who grew every day better; they stained the walls of their little kitchen, cleaned the

windows, and scrubbed the floors of the rooms till they were as white as milk. The garden was overgrown with weeds, but they soon cleared it, turned up the ground, and laid it out in beds ready for planting and sowing, as soon as they should have passed the depth of winter. Susan found many more comforts about her new abode than she expected to meet with; there was a little room beyond the kitchen of which she made a nice dairy, and as there was a bit of ground belonging to the cottage, she determined to purchase a cow, that George might have plenty of milk. She could also fatten a pig, and keep as much poultry as she wished, and she knew very well

that all these things would fetch a good price in Portsmouth market. Edith had shewn her work to one of the first milliners in the town, who had given her immediate employment, and Susan as soon as she had settled all her matters comfortably, procured, through the same person, as much plain work as she could do. George had the cow, the pig, and the poultry to attend to, as well as what trifling work the season allowed him to do in the garden, and he had also the task of teaching little Nelly to read and write.

The winter was long and dreary, they wished for the return of Spring, that they might again see the trees bud, and hear the birds sing. Su-

san's thoughts were continually employed on Morris; where he might be! how situated! perhaps in the field of battle wounded, and no one to take care of him, and her heart sunk at this idea; but presently recovering herself she endeavoured to think she should one day see him comfortably seated in the chair she had bought on purpose for him. They talked of little else round the fire during the winter evenings, and began to wonder at not hearing from him. Susan had written on the day they landed at Portsmouth, and again on their being settled at ———, that he might know where to direct his letters. Her's had been sent under cover to Captain H——'s lady, who had

offered to receive and forward them; and Morris had been told that he might write to his wife by the same means. They were uneasy at this long silence, when Susan going to Portsmouth with some of Edith's and her own work, found a letter at the Post Office directed to her, in the well-known writing of her husband. He was very well, but had suffered sufficiently from the severity of the weather and want of provisions, to make him very thankful that his family was so comfortably situated as Susan had described it to be, at ———; instead of seeing his dear wife and children exposed to hardships in a foreign country. He gave them very little hope of a speedy return, it was not

likely he thought, that there would be any change without another campaign—the regiment would not be kept there through a long Winter to be sent home in the Spring, when they should in all probability be wanted, but begged them to be comforted; he had no fears for himself. They should soon drive the French over the mountains, for they were already afraid to face our troops.

Though somewhat disappointed in their expectation of seeing Morris early in the Spring, this letter gave the little family great pleasure. It assured them of his health, and it was written in a style of so much gaiety and cheerfulness, that they could not but partake of it. George was much recovered, the little girls

as well as their mother, in perfect health, and they had more work offered to them than they could execute; they had at different times when they went to Portsmouth bought some articles of necessary furniture, and before the month of April, the cottage of Susan Morris presented such a picture of neatness and comfort, as was not to be found in the whole neighbourhood. They had made very few acquaintance, but the civility of their manners, and their inoffensive behaviour had gained the hearts of all the inhabitants of the village, for to be serviceable whenever she had the power, was natural to the mother, and she had

brought up her children in the same humane disposition.

“Now,” said little Nelly, “at length the trees are really budding, and the birds are singing, I hear them every morning before I am up. Our garden will soon be pretty, and I have found a gooseberry and a currant tree in it, which I did not know of; George says they shall both be mine, and that I shall have the fruit from them; but I suppose he does not think I shall be so greedy as to eat all myself.” Her mother satisfied her by promising to make pies for the whole family; and a second letter from Morris about this time, assuring her of his health and safety, as well as telling her that he was made a corporal,

gave the little party the greatest satisfaction.

I am now arrived at a part of my story which will no doubt occasion some surprise to my readers, as it did not fail to do to the family of Morris; but as there were neither witches nor magicians in the village of ——— I shall in time, it is to be expected, be able to account for it in a natural way.

One fine morning that George (who was always the first to be up and open the shutters) thinking to finish some work he had to do in his garden before breakfast, went into a little out-house to fetch his tools. He found the door latched as usual, but on opening it was astonished at perceiving an

old table, which stood by the window entirely covered with the finest early vegetables, and on the ground in a corner a pretty good quantity of potatoes. He called to his mother requesting her to hasten down stairs, which she did immediately, fearing that some mischief had happened to their little property; the cat might have been shut up in the kitchen and have thrown down some of the crockery from the dresser, or have slipped into the dairy amongst her pans of milk and cream, and her pleasure was the greater when she found how different was his motive for hurrying her, from what she had apprehended.

To whose kindness they were

indebted for this present, neither of them could imagine, they knew no one likely to do them such a favour, and indeed few they thought, made presents in secret to avoid being thanked for them. "Well, George," said Susan, "I must say it is odd enough, for it was only last week that we were observing how sorry we were that our garden had been left in such a miserable way, that it will be late in the year before we can hope it will produce any thing eatable; and as to the potatoes, I assure you they are more welcome than all the rest, for they are become very scarce, and I am told will be extremely dear, before the time

comes when we may expect new ones.

Nothing was talked of all day but the *wonderful* vegetables; any conjectures about the matter were out of the question, for they could form no idea of whence they came, or who could have brought them so privately; they had nothing therefore to do but feast upon them and be thankful; but how can I describe the surprise of Susan, when going early to the little out-house ten days or a fortnight after, she found on the same table, a cannister filled with tea, besides some sugar, currants, and other groceries.

Every now and then the fortunate old table continued to pro-

duce something useful and agreeable to its owner, who was as much in the dark as on the first day, with respect to the source from whence flowed so many benefits to herself and her children.

Susan's plain work never failed, but the milliner told her she was afraid she should not be able to procure constant employment for Edith in the summer, as she had done through the winter, because many of the ladies who were her customers were gone into the country, which they usually did at that season.

Fortune, however, always smiled on Edith, for a lady who generally spent the summer months at a house she had in the neigh-

bourhood, having often observed her at work at the window, as she passed with her children in their evening walks, called in one day, and begged to look at a beautiful cap which she was finishing for the milliner at Portsmouth, and was just lamenting to her mother that it would probably be the last she should have to do for some time.

Mrs. Villars admired the cap, and said she should be extremely glad to employ her; that she wanted several things for herself, as well as frocks for her two children, and was sure she could keep her at work the whole summer, if she liked to undertake what she had to do; was loud in her

praises of the interior of Susan's habitation; and said she judged by the whole appearance of it, before she entered, that she should find it as she did, the neatest little place she had ever beheld.—Edith readily accepted the offer Mrs. Villars made her, and a few days after, received a parcel from that lady with full directions, and a number of elegant patterns for her to chuse from, so that she went to work with great spirit.—Mrs. Villars often called to see them, and expressed much pleasure when she could get Susan to converse on the subject of her campaigns: listened to her with great attention, and appeared highly entertained; her two children were

equally so with Nelly, with whom they played in the garden, or danced on the little green-plat before the door of the cottage, to the music of George's fife.

About this time a young gentleman of the name of Gray called sometimes to see George, attracted he said by the sound of the fife, which he professed to be very fond of, proposed purchasing a drum, and that they should go about the village together and put the whole place in an uproar. George did not much admire master Gray, neither had he any taste for uproar, he therefore told him that he had very little idle time, and seldom went from home.

This young gentleman who was

fourteen years of age, was lately come from Winchester to spend the mid-summer vacation at his father's, who resided at the distance of half a mile from the village, he was naturally bad tempered and ill disposed, and the two last years, (which he had spent at school,) had unfortunately strengthened instead of diminishing his vicious habits.—He continued to haunt George, who having heard of many of what he termed his little frolicks, (indeed he was but too fond of boasting of them himself) would have been very glad if he could, without absolutely affronting him, have got rid of an acquaintance, who though so much his superior

in rank and station, he would have blushed to call his friend.

Charles Gray was, however, not easily thrown off, when he had any object in view, and that he had one at this time, the following conversation with George, whom he found at work in the garden one fine morning at six o'clock will show.

CHARLES GRAY.

You are very early at work, George.

GEORGE.

Yes, Sir, I want to finish my job, before the middle of the day; the sun is so hot at that time, that I cannot bear to do out of door work, I was very ill when I came to this

place, but am thank God much recovered, and hope to be as strong as ever, before the end of the summer.

CHARLES GRAY.

You should eat and drink well, that is the only way to get strength, a little good old Port would be of service to you,—do you ever drink wine?

GEORGE.

No,—never—I am not accustomed to it, and I should not like it.

CHARLES GRAY.

Indeed! then I suppose you have been more used to brandy, I dare say your father has taught you to drink that.

GEORGE.

You are mistaken, Sir, my father never drinks any thing but beer.

CHARLES GRAY.

Well, if you do not drink you ought to eat, but I suppose your mother cannot afford to give you nourishing food so as you require. I have a scheme to propose which I dare say both she and you will snap at, for the fragments of a feast provided by generous fellows, are not to be scorned. There are three other boys all younger than myself, come home to stay the vacation, they live very near, and two of them are brothers, consequently in one house ; but we have been accustomed to such jolly doings, that we cannot

bear the quiet way of going on at home, and therefore wish to meet once or twice a week to sup together, and drink a bottle or two of wine sociably and comfortably. We can easily, under pretence of going early to bed, slip out unperceived, or at any rate, wait till the family are all retired. But what we have been hitherto perplexed about was to find a proper cleanly person who would undertake to prepare our supper; and I see no one here about whom I am so much inclined to favour as your mother.

As to wine, you shall have money given you to fetch it from the wine merchant with whom my father deals, who has excellent old port;

and as you will pay for it, no questions will be asked.

GEORGE.

I dare say my mother will be as much obliged to you as she ought to be, for your intended favour, but you may depend upon it, sir, she will never have any thing to do with either your supper or the fragments, and as to myself, I must beg to be excused from fetching your wine or any thing of the kind. I should be sorry to displease you, sir, but indeed I cannot but wonder to hear so very young a gentleman talk of jolly doings, and suppers, and wine, like what people call a *buck*. However, I will have nothing to do with it, neither will my mother, I

am very certain; she would be much more likely to acquaint your papa with your fine projects, so you had better say nothing about it.

Charles was thunderstruck at this very unexpected refusal; he had formed to himself an idea of the delight with which they would look forward to the remains of their suppers, and now and then a little wine, and his disappointment and rage knew no bounds; he abused George in terms which might with much more justice have been applied to his own conduct, and vowing to be revenged on both him and his mother, left the garden.

George, conscious of having acted right, did not trouble his head about either his abuse or his threats; on

the contrary he was glad to have found an opportunity of breaking off all intercourse with him, and in a very few days, Charles Gray, his proposed favour to his mother, and his anger, were equally forgotten. Not so with the wicked boy, he had exposed himself to a person in low life, by wanting him to connive at what he could not help feeling to be a glaring impropriety ; and that low born person letting him perceive that he saw it in the light it deserved, had presumed to remark it to him, and declined assisting him in it.—He determined to be revenged ; and his whole thoughts were employed on finding out the surest means. Justice here obliges me to observe that the youth, ill

disposed as he was, had no intention of materially injuring them, much less had he the smallest idea of the consequences which might have followed the plan he adopted, and which he intended merely as a mortification to their pride, and to give them the trouble and vexation which he thought they richly deserved at his hands, for having slighted his proffered favours.

Morris's last letter contained some good advice to his son, and George, who placed the greatest reliance on his father's knowledge and opinions, scarcely let a day pass without reading what he looked upon as a guide to all his actions ; and usually carried the letter safely wrapped in a piece of paper, in his pocket.

Susan wishing one evening to ascertain the date of this letter, went to George where he was mending the hedge of their little field, and desired to look at it, who putting his hand into the pocket of his jacket, drew out, not the letter, but a folded paper, which, on opening, they found to contain three five pound notes.—Susan screamed with fright, and George remained motionless with his eyes fixed on the notes.

“Heaven defend me, my dear George,” exclaimed Susan, “how came you by those notes?” “I know no more than you do, mother,” answered the boy, “but I dare say they came from the same invisible friend who is so continually making

us presents,—my greatest wonder is how they were slipped into my pocket without my perceiving it.”

Susan was too well convinced of her son's veracity to have any doubt on the subject, but she was so much an enemy to mystery, that she had often wished the presents to cease, however, she felt herself obliged to the person who had sent them to her; as to the notes, she determined never to make use of them, unless she could find out who they came from, and became so uneasy, the more she reflected on the matter that she said they should not enter her door; she would immediately go to the worthy clergyman of the village, give him a faithful account of the whole affair, and request

him to keep the notes till the owner of them could be discovered; and this she did, accompanied by George, without even going to fetch her bonnet.

Mr. Freeman approved of Susan's caution, and readily took charge of the object of her uneasiness, and she returned home, her mind much relieved, and able to set about her usual occupations with chearfulness and pleasure.

But this state of tranquility was of short duration, an hour had scarce elapsed when they received a message from Mr. Gray desiring that Susan and her son Goerge would attend him immediately. Susan wondered greatly at this summons from a gentleman whom

she had never seen except at church, but readily accompanied the servant who waited for them.

They found Mr. Gray with his son, in the library, who having shut the door, approached them with an air of great sternness, and in a direct manner, accused George of having found and secreted three five pound notes which he had given Charles to pay for a poney, and which he had lost in a field near their house.

George would have interrupted Mr. Gray, and Susan, colouring with indignation, would have done the same, but he desired they would hear all he had to say, and went on to inform them that his son, returning some hours after to seek for the

notes, had seen Susan approach George, who, he observed, had been all day mending the hedge in their little field, which joined that where he supposed he met with his loss, and who on seeing his mother had taken from his pocket the very parcel wrapped in a bit of blue paper, and had shewn her the contents, which he was sure were his three notes; that she uttered a scream of surprise and pleasure; folded them hastily, and put them into her pocket; that he, having now seen enough to convince him that all further search was unnecessary, had slipped away under the hedge, and returned home to give an account of his success.

“ All that master Charles has told

you, Sir," said Susan, "is strictly true, except my scream of *pleasure*; but I wish he had watched our motions a little longer, if he had, he would have followed us to the Parsonage House, where we immediately carried the notes, and left them in the hands of Mr. Freeman, to whom we related the whole matter; for the notes were not found by George in the field, but in the pocket of his working jacket."

"That's a good one," said Charles, "I wonder who could possibly have put them into his pocket without his knowing it! If they have carried the notes to Mr. Freeman it must have been that they were afraid of being detected, and

wished to make a parade of honesty."

Mr. Gray observed to his son, that by whatever way the notes came into George's possession if he had really placed them in the hands of Mr. Freeman, appearances were in his favour. A person was dispatched to request that gentleman's attendance on an affair of consequence; and the door of the library being left open, several of the servants who were curious to know what was going forward, found business to do in the hall, which they had not thought of before, and contrived to satisfy their curiosity.

Mr. Gray continued to talk with Susan and George, and to expatiate upon the crime the latter was ac-

cused of. Susan could not support so dreadful an accusation, insisted upon his innocence, and the little doubt she had of being able to prove it, whilst George endeavoured in vain, to draw a word from the young gentleman, who, from the time of Mr. Freeman's being sent for, had scarcely lifted his eyes from the carpet, and was so terrified when he heard his papa talk to George of theft, imprisonment, and hanging, that having, as I said before, no idea that any such dreadful consequences could ever arise from his wish to revenge himself by plaguing these people, had not shame prevented him, he would have confessed the whole imme-

diately, and have cleared George from all suspicion.

Mr. Freeman who now entered the room with a benevolent smile on Susan and her son, added to his dismay, for he had no doubt but that his papa would search to the very bottom of the business.

Mr. Freeman not only confirmed what Mr. Gray had been told, but produced the notes wrapped in the identical bit of blue paper, and moreover did not scruple to accuse Charles of a design to injure George's character, and informed his father of the motives which he conceived to have actuated his conduct. The projected suppers, the wine,—all was repeated, but the youth endeavoured to deny the charge as

well as any knowledge of how the notes came to be found in George's pocket.

“Why, then, Maister Charles,” said a countryman, stretching his neck to get his head within the door,—“if you don't know, why I can tell ye, your ownself put them into the poor boy's pocket, as the jacket hung upon a tree in the hedge, for I was thinking to myself, thinks I, that youth's blood is warmer than mine, for I don't find my jacket too hot, though my work is harder than he's. I was working hard, sure enough, digging a ditch, and you little thought there was one so near as to see what you was about. I cannot swear to what was in it,

but I saw the blue paper as plain as I now see your red face."

"You are clear of all suspicion," said Mr Gray, in evident agitation, to George, "I am grieved that you should have been suspected."

George bowed low to him, and to Mr. Freeman, and with his mother left the room as speedily as as possible, for though happy beyond expression at the termination of the alarming business, they could not bear the distress so visibly painted in the countenance of Mr. Gray, or the mortified air of his son.

Edith and little Nelly were quite delighted to see them return, and though Susan did not immediately recover the distress she had felt, a few days of tranquillity and a kind

visit from Mr. Freeman, as well as Mrs. Villars, who was their constant visitor, made her forget her uneasy sensations, and cheerfulness and comfort again reigned in the cottage.

They heard from Mr. Freeman, that Mr. Gray, shocked beyond expression at his son's conduct, was gone to London with him, from whence he intended to proceed into the North, to place him under the care of a gentleman, who had once offered to take charge of him, but he had by his importunity persuaded his too indulgent father to let him go to Winchester.

The Summer was now drawing near its close, when Mrs. Villars, tapping at the window, told Edith

who sat near it at work, to make room for company, and entered the cottage immediately, accompanied by her two children, and followed by a gentleman who on casting their eyes upon him, they all, in an instant, perceived to be Colonel L——, who had been so kind to the whole family.

They were delighted to see him quite recovered, and looking so well, and little Nelly without any ceremony seized him by both his hands, and asked him if he would be afraid now to let her touch his shoulder.

The surprise and pleasure of Susan and her children was greatly augmented, when they found that Mrs. Villars was the Colonel's sister, and that she had been perfectly ac-

quainted with the brother's knowledge of them, from the time of their coming into the village, and had by his desire introduced herself to them by means of Edith's work, without telling them that she even knew him.

Susan wanted no more to clear up the mystery of the old table in the out-house, and bestowed on the Colonel and Mrs. Villars so many grateful acknowledgements, that the latter interrupted her by insisting upon it that all the obligation lay on her side, for she must by all accounts have lost her brother, but for the care and attention of his nurse.

Colonel L—— added an assurance of never forgetting her or any part

of her family ; said he had no doubt but she had accused him of forgetfulness since he made her the same promise at Portsmouth, though he hoped she was now convinced of the contrary. That his motive for urging her so strongly to seek a habitation at —— was, because he knew that his sister spent the greatest part of the year in that village ; that having met her in London on his arrival, he had told her every circumstance relative to his wound, the illness of his servant, and the exhausted state in which Susan had found him ; of her indefatigable attention to him, and her refusal of the recompence he wished her to accept.

He said he had amused himself

with the idea of his sister's obliging her to accept the trifles she sent, without her being able to discover whence they came, and had reserved for himself the pleasure of telling her of his near relationship to Mrs. Villars.

Colonel L——had now something to communicate, which he feared might alarm Susan and her children, although accompanied by a circumstance well calculated to give them pleasure. Morris was wounded!—was promoted to the rank of serjeant, and was coming home. He had received a ball in his right arm, which, though not likely to disable him for ever, rendered him at present entirely incapable of doing his duty, and he had a fur-

lough given him that he might go to his family, and remain there quietly till his arm was restored to that state which would enable him to use it again in defence of his country, every officer in the regiment being well convinced that he would not absent himself from his duty a single day longer than necessity obliged him.

Colonel L——, in writing to his brother officers, had mentioned his having fortunately met with so good a nurse on his passage home, and though not belonging to the same regiment, had often made inquiries about Morris, and had received the above intelligence the day before he left London.

The assurance he gave Susan of

her husband's safety, and, that she might be better satisfied, showing her the part of the letter which mentioned him, she soon got the better of the shock which Colonel L—'s communication had given her, and, always ready to hope the best, turned her thoughts to the prospect of seeing him, perhaps in a few days, seated in the favourite arm-chair, which was now rubbed and brushed until it shone like a looking-glass.

The little family walked out every evening on the Portsmouth road, hoping to meet Morris, but he surprised them the fourth morning as they sat at breakfast, and asked them in a gay manner to bestow a cup of tea on a poor soldier.

He had landed at Portsmouth the evening before, just time enough to see the surgeon under whose care he was ordered to place himself, and at the first dawn of day walked forward to the village which contained all he most loved on earth. The road to ——— was not difficult to find; but the cottage he wanted, it was necessary to enquire for; on looking around, his eye caught a glimpse of one behind some trees, so much neater than any of the others, that his heart told him it must be Susan's, and having asked a child who was playing by the road side if she knew where Susan Morris lived, the little urchin replied by pointing to the house which had attracted his notice, and

smilingly answered, "Why, there." In less than a minute he reached the door which he entered as has been mentioned.

It would be needless to repeat the expressions of joy and delight which issued from every mouth, the happiness of each may be better felt than described. Morris ate a hearty breakfast, said he had met with no bread since they parted half so good as that which was of Susan's making; admired the cottage, the garden, even the cow, the pigs, and the poultry; but above all his Susan's management and care.

They were now contented and happy, Colonel L—— and Mrs. Villars determined to pass the winter

in the charming spot in which she usually resided, and preferred to any other place; and their kindness to Morris and his family was uninterrupted.

The wound in Morris's arm was sometimes troublesome to him, and though assured by the surgeon that it would not be attended with any bad consequences, it would be long, he thought, before he would be able to make use of it. Under these circumstances he was doubly sensible of the comforts of his situation; and never failed daily to thank God, that what he suffered he had got in a good cause, and that he was allowed to await his cure in the bosom of his beloved family.

LENORE AND LIESCHEN.

MR. ROSENBERG and his daughter Lenore were just seated in the Harlaem Treckschuyt* on their way to Rotterdam, and the usual bell had announced the moment of departure, when a girl of about thirteen or fourteen years of age, in the dress of a common peasant, begged to be admitted.

The patron of the barge, being a little out of humour, answered gruffly that he had no room left for persons

* The passage boats in Holland are so called.

of her sort, the place was already crammed full, that they were packed in like herrings in a barrel, and she must wait till the next day.

“ She shall come in with us,” exclaimed Lenore, from the little window, whence she had been struck by the melancholy countenance of the poor girl. “ I will make room for her, rather than she should be disappointed, come down here, you shall sit by me.”

She was accordingly suffered to enter the Treckschuyt, and was in an instant seated by a young lady who did not appear to be above a year older than herself, and who received her with as much kindness as if she had been her equal. It was in the month of July, the

weather extremely sultry, and Lieschen had walked nearly two miles in the utmost haste, fearing she should be too late, so that she was very much heated and fatigued. Lenore lent her a fan, opened a basket which she had near her, gave her two fine peaches, and spoke so kindly to her, that she was quite overpowered, and burst into tears. "I am sorry," said Lenore, "to see you so affected, my good girl, what ails you? tell me why you are so low spirited; I assure you I shall be very glad if I can be of service to you; and so will my papa, when I talk to him about you, though he is so intent upon his book, as you may see, that I will answer for it he did not hear me call to you,

or perceive you come in, it is always his way; I do not think he has spoken ten words since we left Amsterdam. But pray do tell me why you are here alone, so very young as you are; and where you are going; but particularly I wish to know if we can help you in any way; for I hope you will believe that I do not ask these questions merely from curiosity."

"You are very good," replied Lieschen, "I shall never forget the kindness you have already shown me, and I should be very glad to unburthen my heart by telling you how I am situated, and why I am here alone; but I cannot do it," she

added in a lower voice, "before these ladies and gentlemen, who already appear surprized at your condescending to take notice of a person of my mean appearance."

Lenore told her that observations produced by pride would ever be disregarded by her, and proposed that they should both rise from their seats, and put their heads out of the window behind them, as if they were admiring the country-houses and fine gardens on the banks of the canal, and then," said she, "you may tell me what you please, if you do not speak loud, and your voice is so soft and your manner so mild, that you will scarcely need any precaution. I am certain before-hand you are not what you appear to be,

your language is not that of the peasantry of this country."

Lieschen assured her that her dress was perfectly suited to her present situation in life, as her parents could not afford to give her any other, but did not deny her having been born to better expectations, or that she had been educated accordingly, and then went on to inform the amiable young person who appeared to take so much interest in her concerns, and who had entirely won her heart by the kindness she had shown her, when she felt herself as if thrown on the wide world alone and unprotected, that her father had been, not many years since a rich merchant at Bremen, but having in one year, by different bankrupt

cies and losses at sea, been reduced to a state but little removed from indigence, he could no longer prevail on himself to remain where he had lived so long in ease and affluence, and had therefore removed with his family into Holland, and had hired a small habitation, not better than a farm-house, where he determined to suit his manner of living, and his temper as much as possible, to his circumstances.

“My poor dear father,” continued Lieschen “felt much more for my mother and his children than he did for himself; and my mother wept in secret over the melancholy change in our situation, that he might not perceive how much she was affected. The trifling

sum saved from the wreck of his fortune, my father had placed in the hands of a banker at Amsterdam, and on the interest of that money, with the assistance of a very productive garden, we contrived to rub on two years, in which time the chief amusement of my parents was the education of my two brothers and myself."

"But alas! our misfortunes were not at their height. One day in the beginning of last April, as we were seated at a table with my father, who was superintending our writing, a letter was brought to him which he opened with a trembling hand, as if he had foreseen the evil which awaited him, though his never receiving letters since we had been in our solitude, and having nothing

agreeable to expect, alone occasioned it. It was to acquaint him with the bankruptcy of the person to whom he had entrusted the scanty pittance he had been able to save, and he now, in a voice scarcely audible, told my mother that he was penniless.

“The scene that followed is not to be described. My dear mother affected a calmness which she did not feel, but my father was not deceived; moreover he saw himself without the means of procuring bread for his family; it was more than he could bear, and his health rapidly declined. The little money we had in the house was nearly gone, and we had nothing worth disposing of to produce a supply, for on quitting

Bremen my father had proposed our changing our dress from what we then wore, to one suited to the place we were going to inhabit, that we might not excite either curiosity or ill-natured remarks.

“He grew worse and worse.” Here Lieschen’s tears flowed so fast that she could not proceed, and Lenore, who felt herself extremely affected by the melancholy tale, could not restrain her own.

As soon as she was a little recovered she proceeded as follows—
“My poor father found himself so much worse about a fortnight since that he could not get up, and from that time has never been out of his bed, unless to have it made, and my mother is quite exhausted with

sorrow, anxiety, and fatigue. Yesterday afternoon he called us to his bed side, and after saying he was determined to have nothing to reproach himself with, proposed once more applying to his brother for assistance, though he confessed he saw little prospect of relief from a man who had already treated him so unkindly, and who though rolling in riches, denies *himself* common necessities. Nor ought he, knowing his disposition, to have wondered at his having been deaf to his applications, when troubles and losses came so rapidly upon him.

“ My mother was glad to catch at any thing which bore but a shadow of a hope of relief, but how to apply to my uncle was the question,

a letter would never be noticed, and who could go to him? (he lives at Rotterdam) my mother declared she would not leave my father, and indeed she was too unwell to go alone. What was to be done?— Could I venture to go so far without any one with me? No, they never could bring themselves to consent to such a step, desperate as the case was.

“ I urged all I could to prevail on them to allow me to go, and at length, after a long conversation, obtained a reluctant consent to my endeavouring to see my uncle, and by painting in the strongest colours in my power the distress of his brother and his family, to obtain something from him. But such is

his miserly disposition that I greatly fear I shall lose my labour."

Lenore enquired what part of the town her uncle resided in, and on being informed that it was near the Haring Vliet, said she was very glad of it, her papa's house being in that part of the town, where she hoped she would go with her to pass the night, and visit her uncle the next morning; desiring her at the same time to keep up her spirits, and hope for the best.

This kindness was a great relief to the mind of the poor girl, who had felt herself much dismayed at the idea of being in a large city, where she had no acquaintance, no friend to direct, or take her by the hand, for as to her uncle she had

heard so much of his avarice, that she scarcely flattered herself he would acknowledge her, although she had brought a letter of introduction from her father, acquainting him with his new misfortune, and begging him to take compassion on his wife and children.

They now quitted the window and re-seated themselves, Lenore took up some muslin on which she had been at work, and Lieschen a worsted stocking which she was knitting for her father, and Mr. Rosenberg continued reading with so much attention that he neither knew where he was, or whether his daughter was with him or at home. This gentleman, however, possessed one of the best hearts in

the world ; he was humane, charitable, and generous, doting on Lenore (who was the image of her deceased mother) and ever ready to assist any person in distress, or to serve a friend in necessity, when he could be roused from his book to listen to the accounts given to him of either one or the other requiring his assistance.

Lenore did not disturb him till they arrived at Delft, when, on being told of it, and reminded that they must walk through the town to the other Treckschuyt, he put his book into his pocket, took his daughter under his arm, and asking her how she had been amusing herself, proceeded on his way. She knew that this was not the time to speak of

Lieschen, and therefore answered him simply that she had been very well entertained, by conversing with the other passengers; and having found their conveyance ready to depart she was soon once more seated with her protégée, who had by her direction walked close by her side all the way, and followed her into the boat. On her arrival at Rotterdam she entered Mr. Rosenberg's house with his daughter, who taking her by the hand led her into the parlour, where throwing her arms round his neck, and giving him a kiss, she begged him to protect her new acquaintance.

Mr. Rosenberg was as much struck as his daughter had been by the interesting countenance of his

unknown guest, and being made acquainted with her story promised her his friendship and assistance ; it was therefore settled that she should remain that night at his house, and early the following morning visit her uncle.

Lieschen modestly requested leave to retire, observing that her appearance did not entitle her to a place in Mr. Rosenberg's drawing-room ; but he insisted upon her remaining with them, telling her that her father's misfortunes could never take from his or her birth or education, and that in his estimation they were as fully entitled to respect at this moment, as when they lived in affluence at Bremen. She would have spent the evening very plea-

santly had not the distress in which she had left her family presented itself continually to her mind, and she determined to endeavour to see her uncle as early as possible, that she might, if the result of her visit proved favourable, be as speedy as possible to communicate the joyful news ; or, if the contrary, which was more likely to be apprehended from the character he bore, return with equal speed to assist her mother, and share their distress.

She was shown the house by a servant who immediately retired as he had been ordered to do ; and Lieschen agitated and trembling knocked gently at the door with her hand for there was neither knocker nor bell to be seen. This,

after waiting sometime, she repeated, and at length a voice from within asked who knocked, and why so impatient—she said she had a letter for Mr. Rysbraeck which she must deliver into his own hands.

“I am Mr. Rysbraeck,” answered the same voice. “Then pray let me in, Sir,” said Lieschen, “I wish to see you, and to have a few minutes conversation with you, do pray open the door.” This request he thought needed reflection, he was therefore some time before he answered, but Lieschen perceiving he was still there, did not think proper to put him out of humour by hurrying him, but waited quietly to know what he would do; her patience, however, was beginning to

give way, when she heard him draw the bolt, and presently the door was opened just wide enough for her to squeeze herself into the passage, and was shut and bolted again so suddenly that she was quite startled, and casting her eyes on the Miser, his miserable figure struck her so forcibly, that she was seized with a violent trembling, and could scarcely support herself.

He was a living skeleton, having all the appearance of a person wasted away for want of nourishment, his beard looked like that of a man who had been a month without shaving, his face dirty, and his nose sharp and red, his head was covered with a flannel cap, which not being now *quite* black,

might perhaps once have been white, though there was very little appearance of it at present; and he wore a morning gown of a sort of red and green plaid, but so faded that it was not easy to distinguish the original colours, and so threadbare that his two elbows had made their way through the sleeves, and proved to the wondering eyes of Lieschen, who though poor, had never been accustomed to see rags, that his under garments were as old as his outer one.

He led her into a small room at the end of the passage, the window of which being composed of more paper than glass, it was so dark that she could scarcely see; an old deal table very dirty and full of

cracks and holes, was supported against the wall because it had lost a leg, and two or three broken chairs, a chest, and an old bureau, composed all the furniture. He desired her to sit down and give him the letter directly, for he could not imagine what she could want of him, or whom she came from ; such poor men as himself had seldom any acquaintance or even one friend who would think it worth while to enquire after him ; if he could feast and regale people, he should not be left so deplorably alone, but he scarcely sometimes knew where to get a dinner for himself, much less could he entertain others. Lieschen presented her father's letter to him with doubtful anxiety, watched

every turn of his countenance whilst he read it, but poor girl, she was too young, and too ignorant of the different passions which influence mankind, to perceive what passed in the mind of the unfeeling and unnatural brother, who had decided before he had read half of it, not to give them a stiver, but to endeavour to convince his niece that he had met with so many losses and disappointments, that he was as poor as her father; and having first torn off the foldings of the letter on which there was no writing, and lain them carefully in a drawer, he put the other part on the chimney-piece, saying that his heart bled for poor dear Carl, and the more so because he could not assist him, and that he

was grieved she should have come to him with such a tale of distress, since he had it not in his power to relieve it ; adding, that he hoped, however, she was a good girl, and as she appeared healthy and strong, she might, with the assistance of her mother, easily support his dear sick brother, advised her not to spend too much money in eating, that gluttony was a sin, and man was born to feed on herbs, and drink from the clear stream. He thought her dress much too expensive, and that her whole family might have been clothed with the money which had been squandered on what she then wore.

Lieschen who had never wasted a thought on what she should eat or

drink, and who, in reality, for some time past, had been little better fed, than her uncle advised, whose dress was as plain as possible, and as little expensive, stared with astonishment at his unnecessary remarks, but did not appear to notice them. She would have remonstrated with him on the subject of her father, but, thoroughly believing all he said as to his own poverty and inability to serve him, she could only express her sorrow that her poor uncle, who felt so much for his brother and his family, should also be reduced to a situation (except her father's illness) in all appearance still more indigent and miserable than theirs.

The old man began now to be tired of Lieschen's visit, and ad-

vised her to return speedily to her parents where she might make herself more useful than by sitting there to vex him by talking of her father's distress; and she, having no kind of suspicion of his hypocrisy, also thought it wrong to absent herself longer than necessary.

She could not, however, help being a little surprised that her uncle never enquired where her father lived, or expressed any inclination to see him; but imagining his own distress might occasion this piece of forgetfulness, and that he would be quite unhappy when he came to recollect it after she was gone, she took up an old stump of a pen which lay on the table, and

dipping it into a broken bottle, wrote the direction on the back of her father's letter, but the *compassionate* uncle neither wishing to know where they lived nor ever to hear another word of them, or any of his kindred, tired of affecting what was so foreign to his heart, and fearing he should, if it continued much longer, betray his natural character, suddenly opened the door, and taking her by the arm, almost pushed her into the passage, saying, he was afraid she minded her own pleasure and amusement more than her parents, and that it appeared to him if she were let alone she would stay where she was chatting all day. By this time they had reached the street door, and Lieschen found

herself thrust out with her father's letter still in her hand, and heard the door bolted before she had time to breathe, or speak a single word.

Surprize had so overcome her spirits that she was obliged to stop a moment to recollect herself, and an elderly man who kept a little shop at the next house, standing at his door observing her paleness and agitated look, asked her to step into his shop and sit down, which she was very glad to do, for she could scarcely stand.

The man gave her a chair, and she seated herself close to the counter, when he, passing on the other side, and leaning his arms upon it, his eye caught the name of Carl

Rysbraeck on the letter which she had thrown down on entering the shop, and the first thing which roused her from the reverie into which she had fallen, was his pronouncing her father's name, accompanied with the exclamation of, "can I believe my eyes! is my dear master still alive?" An explanation now followed, which displayed to the unsuspecting Lieschen some of the dark side of human nature, of which she had hitherto formed but little idea, for her own mind was so pure, her heart so good, that she always felt inclined to persuade herself that people were much less faulty than they were represented to be.

She now found that her uncle

had deceived her, that he was one of the richest men in the city, but so miserable that he half-starved himself; he would not suffer any one to enter his house, either to make his bed, clean his room or to cook for him, he did every thing for himself, and went out after night to purchase what was absolutely necessary to keep him alive, and even that he did grudgingly, so great was his avarice.

He further informed her, that having quitted her father's service to attend his mother at Brussels, he had, on her death, returned to Holland with the property he had left him, and opened a shop where he now lived; that his first care was to enquire for his master, and had

learned from his neighbour that his brother had become bankrupt, had died of a broken heart, and his widow and children gone to a distant part of Germany to her relations, who were rich and well able to provide for them.

Johann, which was the man's name, went on to tell his young mistress how much he had grieved at the bad accounts he had received of his master's family, and to express his joy that one part of it at least was false, declaring that every thing he had in his shop should be at their service if it could benefit them. She repeated to him all that had happened since their misfortunes began at Bremen, her father's illness, and her coming

to solicit her uncle's assistance; her fortunate meeting with Mr. Rosenberg and his daughter, her visit to her uncle, and the reception he had given her, as well as the pain she had experienced in finding her father's brother in so deplorable a situation, and did not attempt to disguise the indignation she felt at the discovery of his deceit and want of feeling.

Johann declared she should not return alone, or without the means of comfort or assistance to her parents; and leaving the care of his shop to a sister who lived with him, accompanied Lieschen to Mr. Rosenberg's, where she had been expected some time at the breakfast table, and was welcomed by him

and his daughter, who both eagerly enquired after the success of her visit.

She gave them a full account of it from the moment of her knocking at the door, but they had hardly patience to hear her to the end, particularly when she told them what her father's servant had communicated to her respecting the old man's falsehood.

Johann, who had been waiting in the Hall, was now introduced, and repeated to them all he knew of the old Miser; he moreover told them that there was a distant relation in Rotterdam, at that time, who supposing Mr. Carl Rysbraeck to be dead, was gaping for the hour when his brother would drop off,

that he might prove his being the next of kin and seize upon his money; and Johann said, he firmly believed that he could not last long, for denying himself common necessaries and food sufficient to keep him alive, he was become so emaciated and so weak, that he often thought when he saw him tottering into his house in an evening, with his little basket in his hand, that it was the last time he should see him.

Mr. Rosenberg observed to him, that he did not see how this distant cousin of Mr. Rysbraeck's could look forward to inheriting his property, for, even supposing Carl to be dead his widow and children would have a prior claim; to which Johann

answered, that he supposed he flattered himself they would not easily hear any thing about it, as they were according to report removed to a great distance, and at any rate he would have time, before they could possibly be made acquainted with his death, to remove and secrete the money and jewels which he had good reason to believe he should find in some part of the house; he also said that Mr. Carl Rysbraeck having, by Lieschen's account, quitted Bremen, unable to bear the humiliation which the change in his situation exposed him to, and having from that time lived so retired and unknown, that except the Banker at Amsterdam no one knew what was

become of him, the tale old Rysbraeck had propagated, to avoid giving him any assistance, was never doubted, and he thought it would be as well to let it be still believed, lest the kinsman by any mean art, which Carl would never condescend to be guilty of, should prevail on the Miser to make a will in his favour.—Mr. Rosenberg was of opinion that it was very improbable he ever would make a will, yet, as it was not impossible, he thought with Johann, that the safest plan was to let every thing remain in its present state.

In the mean time he proposed that a medical man, a friend of his, should accompany Lieschen to her father, and every comfort that money

could purchase, be procured for the relief of him and his family ; adding that he expected he should be obliged to return on particular business to Amsterdam the following week, and that he would certainly stop at Harlaem and see them on his return.

The eyes of Lenore met Lieschen's at this moment, seeming to express a wish, which the former had already formed the instant her father mentioned his intention of seeing them, and she lost no time in securing his promise of allowing her to accompany him.

Lieschen plentifully stored with all things necessary to the invalid, and money to provide more when wanted, as well for him as for her

mother, took a grateful leave of her new friends, and set off with the first schuyt for Harlaem, with the medical gentleman and the faithful Johann.

Arrived at Harlaem she conducted them to the village where stood her humble habitation, and where they found the worthy Carl Rysbraeck very weak and low, and, as well as his wife, so full of inquietude about their daughter, that they had uttered a thousand lamentations and bitter regrets at having suffered her to go alone, and their joy may be easier to conceive than to describe when they saw her return accompanied by Johann, whom they both recollected the instant he entered.

Lieschen repeated the whole of her little history without restraint, for Mr. Rosenberg's friend had been made acquainted with the situation of their affairs, and felt himself much interested for them, but Carl was for some time so happy to see his child once again in safety under his roof, that he could attend to nothing else, at length however her fortunate meeting with the amiable Lenore and her worthy father, and the grateful friendship of his trusty old domestic afforded him matter for the most pleasing reflections, and he had expected so little from her visit to her uncle that he was not disappointed, though shocked at his hypocrisy.

Mr. Rosenberg's medical friend

found that his disorder was chiefly on his spirits, and, having ordered what he thought necessary for him, took his leave; but Johann determined to stay a few days, in the hope of seeing his dear master better, which he had the satisfaction of doing before the end of the week; and a few days after his departure, Mr. Rosenberg and his daughter surprized them by a visit sooner than they expected, and with countenances as joyful as if it had been their own concern, announced the agreeable tidings of the Banker, with whom Mr. Carl Rysbraeck had lodged his little all, being returned to Amsterdam; and that having settled his affairs satisfactorily and honourably he was ready,

as he told Mr. Rosenberg, to transmit Mr. Carl Rysbraeck his money as usual.

This intelligence did more for the poor invalid than all the faculty could have accomplished; for although there was something in Mr. Rosenberg which made him think he would rather be under obligation to him than to any man he ever saw in his life, yet, the prospect of being able to exist, though in very humble life, without pecuniary assistance from *any one*, was such a balsam to his heart, that its immediate effects were visible to the little circle about him.

The carriage which brought Mr. Rosenberg and his daughter from Harlaem, waiting at the door to

take them back, they were obliged to shorten their visit, which was much regretted by all the party, but mostly so by Lenore and Lieschen, who wished never to be separated.

On their return to Rotterdam, they often saw Johann, who was never so well pleased as when employed by them to visit his old master's family, and this happened frequently; for Mr. Rosenberg, though he spent the whole day in his library, never joined his daughter in the evening without speaking of Lieschen and her parents, and wishing to hear of them, and Lenore was ever ready to dispatch Johann with a basket well filled,

for the use of her favourite and her family.

By this means they received constant accounts of them, and of the amended health of Mr. Carl Rysbraeck whose mind being now more at ease, he soon recovered his strength and wonted composure.

Two months passed away without any thing material having happened, when one day Johann observed that his neighbour's shutters were still fast, though much later than usual, and on listening at the door could not hear the least movement in the house.—He immediately conjectured that old Rysbraeck was ill, and although he could not feel any esteem for a man of his character, yet the idea of a fellow

creature ill and wanting proper assistance, was what his worthy heart could not bear, he therefore acquainted Mr. Rosenberg with it, who taking witnesses with him, and proper authority from the magistracy, had the door forced, and entered the house.

Johann's conjectures were more than verified, for the miserable man was dead; and appeared to have lost his life by having really denied himself what was necessary to have preserved it; for although he had not literally designedly starved himself to death, he had reduced himself to such a state of debility, by never allowing himself proper food, that nothing else could be expected.

The watchful cousin who Johann

had constantly seen three or four times a day at the corner of the street, having some business to transact at Dort, happened to have taken that day to do it, and was not a little dismayed and disappointed, when on his return in the evening the first news he heard was that Mr. Rysbraeck was dead and his brother Carl alive, in whose name Mr. Rosenberg (a gentleman of too much weight and consequence in the city for him to dispute with) had taken possession of the house, and whatever it might contain, and as it appeared that he had intended if possible to defraud Mrs. Rysbraeck and her children of the property, he was no more pitied for his dis-

appointment than old Rysbraeck was regretted; and both these men furnished so many moral reflections on avarice and parsimony, and so much conversation in every house in Rotterdam, that those two words never have occurred since that time, without recalling to every one's mind the miserable miser and the greedy kinsman.

Mr. Rosenberg invited Mr. Carl Rysbraeck and his family to come immediately to his house, but he declined it for some time, and it was not till three months after his brother's decease, that he could be prevailed on to quit his solitude; and having now ample means to make that solitude comfortable, his friend did not oppose

his inclination, though he thought it more than was due to the memory of such a brother.

In the mean time the house was thoroughly searched by Mr. Rosenberg, attended by two respectable witnesses, and, as was suspected, large sums of money and jewels were found secreted in different corners of it.—Four hundred gold ducats tied up in the foot of an old stocking under some turf in the kitchen, and as many more in a pitcher, a small box of beautiful pearls was under his bolster, and four very valuable old fashioned diamond rings in a broken tea-pot, covered with dried tea-leaves, grown brown with dust and age, in a cupboard in the room

he usually sat in, and in which he had received his niece.

There was a great deal of money in the old bureau, and many pieces of gold coin in the pockets of his waistcoat.—The bulk of his fortune was lodged in the bank, where it had been many years accumulating, for he had never touched the interest.

The house was given to Johann, who fitted it up very comfortably, and removed into it with his shop, grateful and happy for the gift, and to be able to sit down rent free.

Mr. Rysbraeck felt no inclination to return to Bremen, where he had met with such heavy misfortunes, moreover his attachment to Mr. Rosenberg and his amiable

daughter was so great, that his first wish was to be settled near them, and in consequence of the mutual friendship between the two families, a handsome house was immediately purchased, and furnished suitably to the fortune of the person who was to occupy it.

It was a happy day to both families, when, on the evening of their arrival at Rotterdam, they were all seated round Mr. Rosenberg's table at supper. Lenore and Lieschen sat side by side, talking over their first meeting, and rejoicing that they should probably spend their lives in the same town, and Mr. Rosenberg delighted with the intelligent conversation of Mr. Rysbraeck, and the mild and amiable manners of

his wife, told Lenore never to be afraid of interrupting his reading, when it was to make him enjoy the company of friends so much to his taste, and on whose sincerity he felt so much reliance.

After spending a few days in the bosom of friendship, they removed into their own house, but continued almost as one family spending the greatest part of their time together; and the attachment begun in the treckschuyt ended but with their lives.

THE POOR RELATION

I HAVE already a very large fortune, thought Mr. Collingwood, as he sat alone in his viranda enjoying the evening air, and I am determined to be contented with it; and not remain in India, where, since I lost my best friend I have no tie, in the hope of acquiring more riches, till I lose my health and spirits, and then return to England, as many do, a poor sickly emaciated object, unable to enjoy what it has required twenty or thirty years to accumulate.—My mind has for some time been entirely occupied with a wish to see my own country, the idea haunts me from morning to night, and I

will no longer resist it; but make immediate preparations for my departure.—Perhaps my uncle may grow very fond of his *rich* nephew, though the unprovided son of his deceased brother was driven from his house, and no better provided for by this tender relation than any gentleman would have done for the child of an old servant; and a man of feeling, even in that case, would have acted with more generosity.

No sooner said than done—he gave the necessary orders to his people; and I will leave him in the midst of business and preparations, attended by his faithful George, on whose care he had the most perfect reliance, whilst I give a short account of his birth, of his uncle's conduct towards him, and the for-

fortunate circumstances which conducted him to the shores of India.

Mr. Collingwood's father was the second son of sir Dennis Collingwood, of — Hall, in — shire, being of an expensive turn, and having married a lady without fortune, he found himself at the death of his father so straitened in his circumstances, and so much in debt, that he was under the necessity of going immediately to the Continent with his son Arthur, the hero of my little Tale, then only seven years of age, and having the misfortune to lose his wife soon after his arrival at **** the child was left entirely to his care; but though his turn of mind was not exactly suited to the employment, he paid every possible attention to him,

gave him the best masters he could procure in the town they lived in, and little Arthur made all the progress that could be expected at so early an age; his father's expensive habits were however not to be cured, and having caught a violent cold which he neglected, a fever followed, which terminated his life, and he had only time to order his servant to accompany his son to England with a letter to his brother, wherein he implored his protection for the pennyless orphan.

Never was anger and vexation more strongly depicted, than in the countenance of Sir James Collingwood, when he received his brother's letter, any sorrow he might have felt for his death was entirely overcome by one glance at poor

little Arthur, who unconscious of being troublesome or unwelcome to his uncle, laid his hand upon his arm, and looking in his face said, "you are so like my dear papa, that I thought he was come to life again, only he never looked so cross," and bursting into tears returned to the servant, and hid his face with both his hands. This unfortunate speech of the boy's entirely discomposed Sir James, and he took so great an aversion to him, that he felt doubly the weight of having him left upon his hands to educate and provide for.—It may be wondered at, that a man of so unfeeling a disposition, did not find some flimsy excuse for refusing to receive his nephew; but Sir James Collingwood was so

afraid of not passing in the world for one of the best creatures that ever existed, generous, benevolent—in short, for every thing which he was *not*; that he foresaw if he were to abandon Arthur, he should at once lose the character he had acquired with so much trouble, and which had so often made him act in direct opposition to his inclinations; he therefore resolved to undertake the care of him, to clothe him properly, and to send him to school; but whether he should show him any mark of affection or kindness, as he did not feel any for him, and as no one of his numerous acquaintance would know how he was treated in private, was a matter scarcely worth his consideration.

Thus Arthur was spoken of as

a most fortunate child, he had lost a spendthrift father, and was received by one of the most humane and benevolent of uncles, with all possible affection, and treated in his house so exactly like his own son, that *he often said* he should very soon not be able to distinguish which of the two he loved best. The poor boy did not, however, find it so very difficult a matter to distinguish which was preferred, he never heard a kind expression from the lips of either his uncle or cousin Dennis; by the former he was treated with the most chilling reserve, and by the latter, whose natural pride was daily increased by a pack of sycophant domestics who attended on him, with the

utmost contempt and derision, and he would have been completely miserable, but for the kindness of Amelia, the sister of Dennis, who had always been indulgent and kind to him, and endeavoured as well as she could to soften the asperity of her father and brother towards him.

Dennis was in due time placed at a first rate school, where no expence was spared, either for what related to his education or for his comfort and conveniency; whilst Arthur was sent into the country, where a little learning might be procured at a low price, but where, finding himself happy and comfortable, and moreover encouraged by the master of the school, he made so great a progress, that when he

went to his uncle's to spend the vacation, Dennis was found to be comparatively so little improved, and was so often exposed to mortification by his cousin's superiority, though he never wished to make him feel it, that he could not forgive it, and treated him with such determined ill-humour, and made him so completely unhappy, that he longed for the time of returning to school, and would have been well pleased if he had been allowed to remain there entirely; and Sir James would have been equally so to have been excused receiving him, —but then, the world might have thought it unkind if he were to leave his brother's son the whole year at school, without giving him

any holidays, and that would have been inconsistent with his assumed character.

Matters continued in this way till the two boys were about seventeen years of age, Dennis's pride rather increased than diminished, and Sir James was grown tired of affecting a regard for Arthur, for whom he felt the most perfect indifference, he therefore, after some day's deliberation, told him that not having a shilling in the world to depend upon, it was time he should think of doing something for himself, that he had had a very good and *expensive* education, and that he would take care to place him in a situation where he might make a fortune rapidly, if he conducted himself properly; and this

he had at that time an opportunity of doing, and should do it with pleasure, for the son of his dear deceased brother, hoping it would ensure his happiness and welfare.

About a month after this time Arthur left England, and on his arrival at Jamaica, the place of his destination, went immediately to the house of Mr. Thomas Jervis, with a letter of introduction which his uncle had given him, but was greatly shocked on being informed that the letter was simply to request him to procure some kind of employment for the bearer, a young man who had nothing but his own industry to depend upon, but was very capable of making himself useful if he chose it.

Arthur had no choice, he knew nobody, and was glad to accept the offer Mr. Jervis made him of writing in his counting-house. In this situation, far from having it in his power to advance his fortune, he foresaw nothing but a miserable existence, and loss of health; he was made the fag of all the clerks, and kept so hard at work, that he had not a single minute in the day unemployed: his pen was never out of his hand, so that he had not time allowed him to breathe a little fresh air now and then in an evening, though the others constantly walked out, and often absented themselves whole afternoons together, leaving him to do their work.

A whole year had passed in this

manner, when Arthur, determined no longer to support the laborious life he led, or to put up with the ungentlemanly treatment he experienced, told Mr. Jervis he really must seek some other situation, not finding his health equal to so much writing as he had to do in his house, and Mr. Jervis being of a warm, but not a very *sweet* temper, and extremely offended that any one should leave him from choice, paid him directly the trifle which was due to him, and gave him *free leave* to quit the house immediately.

Our young man had too much proper pride to make any comment on this new incivility, and therefore took leave of the close and melancholy room in which he had suffered so many hours of fatigue and head-

ache, and putting his clothes into his trunks, called a porter, whom he directed to carry them to the inn at the end of the street, and following him as fast as he could, they were set down in the passage, whilst he asked for a room, into which he retired full of anxiety and uneasiness, and his hurried manner which showed a wish to avoid observation as he entered the house, afforded much matter for wonder and conjecture to the master of it, and some others who stood at the door, though *one* only of the group had penetration enough to perceive the distress of mind which so strongly marked his countenance, and that person chanced to be the most intimate and beloved friend of Arthur's father.

The directions on his trunks having remained upon them from the time of his leaving England, the name caught Mr. Sedgely's eye,—it was a name always cherished by him—though having spent twenty years in India he had lost sight of the friend of his youth, but Arthur was the image of his father, just what he was when they were separated. He introduced himself to him, enquired into his situation, and soon made himself acquainted with the whole of his melancholy history and present distress.—Mr. Sedgely had left Calcutta to settle important business in England and Jamaica, which being finished, he was preparing to return to Asia, there to end his days; for he had no connection or relative in Europe,

to induce him to quit a part of the world in which he had resided so many years; and determining to support the orphan son of his old friend, though abandoned by his unfeeling uncle, he invited him to accompany him to India, promising in a most solemn manner never to forsake him. Arthur having consented, he embarked with his new friend for England, there to take their passage; and every thing seconding his wishes, he found himself in due time happily situated, beyond what he could have flattered himself with, in Mr. Sedgely's elegant house.

In this happy state, young Collingwood was not however suffered to be idle; his kind patron furnished him largely with the means of

acquiring a fortune, thinking it imprudent to let him know that he meant to make him his heir, lest habits of indolence and inactivity should grow upon him, and destroy the comfort of his life; this was however an unnecessary precaution, for Arthur preferred any occupation to living entirely dependant.

The greatest grief he ever experienced, a grief which all the wealth Mr. Sedgely left wholly at his disposal could not allay, was what he felt when this estimable friend and benefactor was taken from him; Calcutta had no longer any charms for him, he could not bear the place, though it would have been inconvenient to leave it so abruptly; but it was only two years after he met with this irre-

parable loss, that the reflections he made in his viranda, were followed by almost his immediate departure.

Before he took his passage he sent for his servant, and asked him whether he liked to accompany him to England, or preferred remaining in his own country, adding that if the latter were his wish, he would leave him a sufficiency to enable him to live comfortably without service, but George would not quit his dear Massa, he said, for any money that could be offered him, but would follow him to the world's end, if he would allow him to do so.—They accordingly embarked together, and after a very favourable voyage made the Coast of England in something less than

the usual time. Mr. Collingwood felt a sensation of the most pleasing kind, in contemplating the cliffs of his native land, though it was accompanied by many bitter reflections on the unkind treatment he had met with in his uncle's house; the arrogant and insolent language of his cousin Dennis, and the degrading situation he had been placed in at Jamaica.

I wonder, thought he, how I shall now be received?—I shall certainly pay my duty to my tender hearted uncle and my affectionate cousin, and when I drive to their door in an elegant carriage, with the family arms upon it, may I not hope it will ensure me a hearty welcome.—but suppose instead of owing the kind reception I am flattering myself

with to my appearance, I were to present myself before them in the garb of poverty, and with an air of humility entreat them to have pity upon my distress!—how happy should I be to find my uncle's heart amended by those reflections which age and infirmity naturally produce, and reproaching himself for the manner in which he had treated his brother's orphan son, receive me with open arms, and tell me no longer to be beholden to strangers, as he had amply the means, and *now* the will also, to provide for me. Dennis too perhaps, no longer the insolent school boy, no more proudly vaunting that he was heir to all his father's estates, whilst I had not a penny, might be ashamed, as a man, of the meanness of such boast.

ing. Could I but hope for this change in men so nearly connected with me, and have the satisfaction of knowing that if I were on such terms with them as near relations ought to be, I owed it to the goodness of their hearts, and not to the large property I am possessed of, I should indeed be most happy.—I am determined to try the experiment, for I shall never be satisfied, let them treat me ever so affectionately, whilst I remain in doubt as to their motive.

The more Arthur reflected on the subject, the more he approved of it,—he was amused with the idea of surprising them, let his reception be what it would, and as soon as he arrived in London, he lost

no time in settling the plan of his disguise, before his return to England should be known; but having found on enquiry that his uncle was dead, and that his cousin now Sir Dennis had been married about six months to a Lady of very large fortune, he had almost decided to give it up, till the same desire of ascertaining the disposition of his cousin, and now of his lady, that he might be certain if she treated him with civility, it was not for the sake of the elegant shawls he had brought home with him, determined him to prosecute it, and the second morning after he arrived at the **** Hotel, equipped in a threadbare brown coat, a faded silk handkerchief about his neck, and a shabby hat, scarcely worth picking

up, he went down stairs with George, with whom he pretended to be talking on business, and in that manner passed unnoticed into the street. — Arrived in Cavendish-square, he knocked very gently at the magnificent mansion of Sir Dennis Collingwood, and in something less than a quarter of an hour the door was opened by the porter, who contrary to all rule and custom, when a shabby person presumes to approach a great man's house, asked him civilly who he wanted, and made him a sort of an apology for having kept him so long.—Mr. Collingwood told him he wanted to see his master, but the old porter assured him that of all difficult matters, he knew of none more so,

than for a person of his appearance to gain access to Sir Dennis Collingwood. "But I have very particular business with him," said Arthur. "I dare say you have," said the porter, glancing his eyes on his dress, "but if I were to send up a message from you, it is ten to one whether any answer would be returned; or else Mr. Smith, Sir Dennis's gentleman, would be sent down to speak to you, and Mr. Smith is so great a man, that he would treat you as if you were not worthy to wipe his shoes."

"Would he, indeed," said Mr. Collingwood, entirely forgetting himself, "if he did I should be very apt to knock him down." The good old porter stared at the miserable looking object who dared to threaten

Mr. Smith, and told him that although, that consequential gentleman often enough deserved no better treatment, he must request him to be a little more prudent, or he should be under the necessity of shutting him out of the house; and Arthur having recollected his assumed character, begged he would pardon his warmth, and promised to be more circumspect. He then asked the porter what steps he could possibly take that would be likely to procure him an interview with his master, and was at length told, that the only chance he had, was to wait in the hall, and present himself to him when he passed through it in his way to the carriage.

Arthur recollected that this honest porter had lived a footman in the

family when he was a boy at school, and was usually the person sent to fetch him to spend the vacations at his uncle's; he also recollected that he had been particularly partial to him, and had often given him oranges, &c. when he had been sent from the table without any, because his cousin had invented falsehoods to make his uncle angry with him; he therefore made himself immediately known to his old friend, but kept to himself the secret of his real situation.—Williams, who had scarcely withdrawn his eyes from him, persuaded he had seen him before, though he knew not where, now perfectly recollected him, and shed many tears at the account he heard of Mr. Arthur's distress, for he had known and loved his father,

and for his sake, the son. He told him that his master had spread a report in the family of his having *absconded* from the honourable situation in which, by paying a very heavy sum, Sir James had placed him; and that from that period no one knowing what was become of him, he was supposed to be dead; adding that he was grieved to the heart to see him in so miserable a plight, but was persuaded, from what he remembered of his disposition when a youth, that misfortune rather than misconduct must have occasioned it.

Mr. Collingwood assured him that there was not one action of his life in which he had any thing to reproach himself, and told him in a few words how he was situated at Jamaica, and that although he

had left Mr. Jervis he had not *absconded*, for that gentleman well knew of his going, that he had gone to India, hoping to provide for himself in some way more congenial to his feelings, but having lost his friend, and having attempted various means of procuring himself a livelihood, he had after ten years absence, been so haunted with a desire of returning to England, that he could no longer bear to remain in India; and had been particularly desirous to return, because he hoped after so long a separation, he should find his uncle and cousin more disposed to befriend him than when he left them, concluding that time would have softened the ill humour they had always shown him, though he never had been able to

discover wherefore, or how he had drawn it upon himself.

Williams said, he was sorry he could give him very little hope of assistance from his master; that his pride, which exceeded anything he could imagine, would be so wounded at the sight of so poor a relation, that he should not be surprised if he treated him as an impostor, and that his lady would, if possible, be still more irritated, for she scarcely condescended to open her lips to a servant in the house.— He now enquired after Amelia, who had always been kind and affectionate to him, and to whom he was sincerely attached, mentioned his having seen her marriage in an English Newspaper, but said he knew no more. Williams informed him

that the match had been a most unfortunate one, that Mr. Stuart having imprudently been bound in an enormous sum for a friend, who was drowned in his passage to America, was soon after the death of his father-in-law, obliged to pay it, and that nearly at the same time the failure of a great banking-house in which he was concerned, had reduced him to a state little short of want; for Sir James knowing that Mr. Stuart had a very handsome fortune, had troubled himself little about any thing but the aggrandizement of his heir, and had left his daughter very scantily provided for, so that having nothing further to hope or look forward to, Mr. Stuart had been glad to settle his wife and children in a small lodging, and accept

the place of an under clerk in one of the public offices.—He further added, that on the decease of Sir James, the new baronet had treated his sister with so much pride and contempt, and raised Mr. Stuart's indignation to such a pitch, that he declared he would rather labour night and day to support her, than suffer her to humble herself to so unfeeling a brother; “and after all sir,” said Williams, “Mr. Stuart is so worthy a gentleman, so amiable in his manners, and so fond of Miss Amelia, that I believe really and truly they are happier in their straitened circumstances than Sir Dennis and my Lady, notwithstanding their riches, for I understand from the servants that they are al-

ways bickering and quarrelling from morning to night."

The coach now drawing up to the door the good old porter told Mr. Collingwood to watch his master's footstep on the stairs, and throw himself in his way as he best could, and he had not waited long before he saw a little fat figure of a man, accompanied by an elderly gentleman, descend into the hall, his head erect, and walking almost on tip toe, in order to appear taller and more stately.

Mr. Collingwood met him, and in the most humble manner, squeezing his old hat upon his breast with both his hands, and bowing his head, begged leave to speak a few words to him; but the pompous Sir Dennis, with a look of the utmost

contempt, instead of answering him, demanded of the porter why that fellow had been allowed to come into the hall, and was proceeding towards the door when the *fellow*, who did not intend to be so easily repulsed, stepped before him saying, "I am your cousin, sir—your cousin Arthur Collingwood, and you surely will not refuse me a few minutes' conversation."

The face of Sir Dennis at this moment underwent so many changes that it would be difficult to describe any one of them, and the shock of being called cousin by so shabby a looking fellow before the gentleman who was with him, and the servants assembled in the hall, so completely disordered him, that not

knowing what he did, at the same moment that he called him an infamous impostor he pushed him through a door which stood ajar into the library, and with so much violence, that he almost knocked down Lady Collingwood, who, wishing to speak to Sir Dennis before he went out, was just coming to meet him.

It will be needless to say that her ladyship was extremely surprised at so unexpected a visitor, and my reader will probably guess at the result of Mr. Collingwood's application to his proud relation, who, however he wished to do it, could not pretend not to know him. Nothing could be more unfeeling than the reproaches he received for the *ungrateful* return he had made

to the various acts of kindness bestowed upon him; the care that had been taken of his infancy, the expences attending his education, and the sums which had been expended to secure him a situation, where, if he had not preferred the life of a vagabond, he might have made a large fortune; and the haughty Lady Collingwood desiring him to stand further from her, expressed her wonder that Sir Dennis should have presumed to bring so mean an object into her presence. He was ordered to quit the house immediately, and never to trouble them again with his wants and necessities, which he had no one to thank for but himself, advised him to seek some honest employment, by which he might gain

a decent livelihood, and not fancy that they were bound to make good his ill-conduct ;—and, opening the door of the library, ordered him to go out.

My lady shut the door with so much violence, that Sir Dennis was startled, and forgetting his tip-toe step, and the friend whom he had offered to set down, bounced through the hall into the carriage, and drove off, thinking of nothing but the anger of his wife, and the mortification of having a poor relation.

Mr. Collingwood could now no longer contain himself, but laughed outright, and putting five guineas into the hand of Williams, telling him he should soon hear from him again, left the house without the smallest wish ever to re-enter it.

Williams had nearly dropped the

money on the ground, so great was his surprize; he followed with his eyes as long as he could see him, the shabby figure from whom he had received the unexpected gift, and then with the five pieces spread in his open hand, asked the servants, who had now surrounded him, what they thought of it. The men were as little able to account for Arthur's extraordinary behaviour as the porter; his apparent poverty so ill agreeing with the power of making such a present, and then his violent fit of laughter, when their master bustled through the hall into his carriage, did not in the least accord with the humility of his countenance when he first addressed him; they knew not what to think; at length, however, they began to suspect the

truth, and settled it amongst them that he was, what they called, *quizzing* Sir Dennis, and as he was not one of those kind, condescending masters, who win the hearts of their domestics by good treatment, *the bit of fun* which the discovery would make, and the vexation and regret Sir Dennis and my lady would feel, at having given their cousin so bad a reception, was to them a subject of great mirth and amusement. In the mean time, the baronet, mortified beyond measure at what had happened, formed a plan, as he drove on, for persuading those who had witnessed it, that it did not in the least affect him, the man being no more than a cheat, who wanted to get some money of him; that it was utterly impossible

that Sir Dennis Collingwood ever had, or ever could have even a distant relation in such a state of abject poverty.

On quitting the magnificent house of Sir Dennis, Mr. Collingwood sought the humble residence of Amelia, but not with the indifference with which he had paid his first visit, however he might have been pleased with a better reception. He had always had a sincere regard for Amelia, and from the moment Williams had informed him how she was situated, had felt so delightful a sensation at his heart, at having it so amply in his power to make her happy, by replacing Mr. Stuart in the rank and situation he had fallen from, that he could with difficulty contain his joy, and had nearly betrayed himself.

Actuated by this idea, it will not be wondered at, that it was accompanied by some degree of anxiety as to the reception she would give him, though he felt it next to an impossibility that her disposition could be so changed, that she should in any way resemble her brother. Sometimes persuaded she would be glad to see him, though in evident want, and in another moment fearing the contrary, he made his way through the crowded streets of the metropolis, jostled and elbowed by every one, and by several fine gentlemen told to get out of the way.

Arrived at the door of the house where Mrs. Stuart lodged, he hesitated a moment, dreading what he was at the same time ashamed to

suspect Amelia would be guilty of. He knocked, and a female servant asking him what he wanted, he desired her to acquaint Mrs. Stuart that he wished to see her; but the girl, unused to ceremony, told him to follow her, and running before him up stairs, he heard her say, as she opened the door of a small apartment, "Ma'am, here's a poor looking man who wants to speak with you."

Amelia somewhat startled, having lately heard of several robberies in the neighbourhood, rose from the table where she was sitting at work, and saying, "I will go down to him," moved quickly towards the door, but Mr. Collingwood was already there, and her meeting a man of his appearance just at the

entrance of her room, threw her into so great an agitation, that he was quite vexed at having presented himself so abruptly, but venturing to take her by the hand, begged her not to be frightened, said he was no other than her cousin Arthur, who had certainly no wish to alarm her, and hoped his poverty would not shut her heart against him, but that she would, as in their early days, continue to befriend and assist him.

Amelia was so thunderstruck that she could not utter a syllable, she examined his countenance, his thread-bare coat, his mean-looking handkerchief, and rusty hat; and then again every feature, till clasping her hands together, she exclaimed, "My dear Arthur, it is

indeed you! and welcome you must ever be to Amelia, whether in prosperity or poverty. I am indeed shocked to see you thus, but it is on your own account in the first instance; and in the second, because I am so unfortunately situated that I cannot help you; however, what we have you shall partake of, and be most welcome to it."

Mr. Collingwood delighted beyond expression at finding her still unchanged, and just what he wished her to be, and enjoying by anticipation the happiness he had in store for himself when he should secure her's and her family's, assured her that poor as he was he never meant to be burthensome to her or Mr. Stuart; that he hoped, however

dame Fortune had treated him abroad, he should be able, some how or other, to make out a living in his own country ; and that if he could enjoy the society of Mr. Stuart and his dear cousin, he should be too happy to trouble his head about the scanty fare he might have to put up with, or any other matter.

Amelia appearing now very anxious to hear some particulars of Arthur's history, asked him several questions on the subject, and he gave her a faithful account of his voyage to India, his reception in the house to which his uncle had recommended him, and the treatment he had received in the course of the year in which he had been one of its inmates, but touching very lightly upon what followed

when quitting it, and appearing to hesitate and pause before he answered her, she was led to believe that her questions had recalled painful recollections, and blamed herself for her indiscretion; she therefore changed the conversation to the days of their youth, which Arthur was very well pleased at, for he could not have given her any further account of himself without acknowledging the truth, which he did not at that moment wish to do, because he had a mind to see how Mr. Stuart would receive a poor relation, and whether he were really the amiable man, and as fond of his Amelia, as old Williams had described him to be.

Two fine little boys now came

into the room, who on being told by their mamma to speak to their cousin, though their looks betrayed some surprize, when they cast their eyes on his dress, went towards him with the utmost cordiality, and were each seated on a knee when Mr. Stuart came home to dinner. Arthur was instantly introduced to him, and as instantly welcomed with all the warmth natural to the heart of Amelia's excellent husband, who gave him every assurance of his good will, however he might fall short in the power to serve him.

They now sat down together to a very plain dinner, but the chearfulness and good humour which accompanied it, rendered it not only palatable but highly relishing, and Mr. Collingwood was delighted with

Amelia's greatness of mind, who could thus assume an air of contentment, to spare Mr. Stuart as much as possible the bitter regrets a contrary conduct would have occasioned him. As soon as they had dined, they endeavoured to draw from him some idea of what he proposed to do, and what would best suit his unhappy situation, insisting at the same time, that he should live with them and partake of their fare, such as it was, till something could be thought of for him; and Amelia observing that she knew there was a room unoccupied upon the second floor, desired Mr. Stuart to hire it immediately. Arthur felt this kindness so much, that it brought tears into his eyes,

which he could not hide, but as they overflowed, dashing them away with his hand, said with a smile, "I shall go to the bank to-morrow morning, I have a friend there, who will, I believe, stand by me in all situations." "Dear Arthur," said Amelia, "do not be too sanguine in your hopes; you were always thus, thinking better of people than they deserve, and so I fear you will find it to be the case with regard to your friend at the Bank. I would much rather," added she, smiling, "that you had ten thousand pounds there."

"Whenever I have," replied he, taking her affectionately by the hand, "I will bring you half of it," and that he *thought* will be but a small share of what I, who have ten times ten thousand lodged in the

bank, mean to do, for so tried a friend, so affectionate a relation.

He left them after tea, promising to breakfast with them the next morning, and bring his little baggage with him, as Mr. Stuart requested him to do, that he might take possession of his new lodging. As soon as he was out of sight of the house he got into a hackney coach, and drove to his hotel, where he found poor George so uneasy at his long absence, that he could scarcely contain his joy when he saw him return.

Mr. and Mrs. Stuart could speak on no subject but that of their unfortunate cousin, and spent the evening in endeavouring to think of some means of procuring a situation for him, in which he might earn a

decent, if not a handsome livelihood.

The next morning, according to appointment, he walked into the room just before breakfast with a bundle under his arm, which he placed on a side-table, saying, "there is my baggage. You see I did not want a coach, or even a porter to bring it, it did not overload me." After a short conversation, he opened his bundle, and taking out of it an elegant shawl of the most expensive kind and largest size, he threw it over Amelia's shoulders, and in the same moment, laid a piece of beautiful worked muslin on her lap, he then drew a small box from his pocket containing several strings of valuable pearls, which he placed on the muslin,

whilst Mr. and Mrs. Stuart, all amazement and surprize, could only exclaim,—“What does all this mean?—Arthur! Arthur! what am I to think of you?”—“Think,” replied he, “that I mean always to keep my word with you, my dear Amelia, therefore here are the £5000 which I owe you;” at the same time he put a parcel of Bank-bills into her hand, telling her it was only a prelude to what he had it in his power to do for her, by means of his *friend at the Bank*, without the slightest injury to himself.

Mr. Stuart, now a little recovered, was beginning to express the astonishment he felt at all he saw, when, the door being open, old Williams walked into the room with—

out much ceremony, though begging pardon for the intrusion, and with every expression of joy in his honest countenance, exclaimed, "Oh! Mr. Arthur, how could you think of playing us such a trick? I do really think Sir Dennis and my lady will die of grief, they are so mortal vexed at not having seen through it, if they had, they might have received you a little better, perhaps and have come in for some of the fine things they understand you have brought home with you; and sure, if I may judge by Mrs. Stuart who sits there looking like a queen, it is all true enough."

Mr. Collingwood having clearly ascertained all he wished to know, had no further reason to hide his real situation, and therefore ac-

quainted Mr. and Mrs. Stuart with the whole of his history from the time of his quitting Mr. Jervis, his accumulation of fortune, his wish to revisit his native country, and the idea which had struck him of putting the friendship of his relations to the test; confessing at the same time that it had turned out exactly as he expected it would,—he could scarcely flatter himself, however he wished it, that his cousin Dennis would have changed his nature, and was therefore little surprised at the reception he had given him; and he was so certain of Amelia, that he scarcely thought the trial necessary.

They now wished to know how Sir Dennis had discovered the truth, and Williams had heard enough from Mr. Smith to be able to

give them a very clear account of it. The fact is, that when he returned to Cavendish-square full of the project of making Mr. Collingwood pass for an impostor, the first person he thought it proper to speak to, was his Porter, to whom he gave a slight reprimand for having allowed a person he did not know, to enter his house; that it was disagreeable to have such a fellow claim kindred with him, but added laughing, that part of it was of very little consequence, for they must undoubtedly be all convinced that he was an impostor. The danger was, that he might have a plan on foot for robbing the house. Williams told his master that his fellow-servants who were strangers in the

family might perhaps suppose him to be an impostor, but that he could not think so, having recollected him very soon after he began to converse with him, though his appearance, which he must say had made his heart ache, prevented his immediately knowing him. Sir Dennis threw himself into a violent passion at this unexpected disappointment, and ordered the poor old man to go immediately to his steward, receive what wages were due to him, and leave his house directly.

Williams felt no regret at quitting the service of a man who had never spoken a kind or civil word to him, though he had lived so many years in the family, and without attempting to excuse himself, walked out of the

hall; and as it was in vain when he was gone, that Sir Dennis endeavoured to draw the others to his side, he resolved on consulting with his lady on what was to be done. Lady Collingwood was, however, gone out, and as soon as she returned went immediately to her dressing-room, so that they did not meet till dinner, when being both extremely out of humour, their meal, never social, was now less so than usual, and it was not till the cloth was removed, and the servants were withdrawn, that Mr. Smith's little squeaking voice broke the solemn silence which had reigned in the eating-room for above an hour and a half.

This confidential servant, who had gained his master's esteem by flat-

tering his foibles, and never felt the least hesitation when he thought proper to enter into conversation with him, now stepping back and carefully closing the door, told Sir Dennis and Lady Collingwood, in his usual pompous language, that there were strange things in agitation in the house, matters which totally surpassed his powers of comprehension, and that, in short, there was something on the carpet which he was necessitated to say he thought merited their attention.

Sir Dennis and his lady were not a little alarmed at the manner and words of Smith, and demanding an immediate explanation, he informed them of the suspicions he, as well as the whole family had formed, with

regard to Mr. Collingwood, and gave him a full account of the reasons which had impressed them with the idea of his not being in the pitiable state he had said he was.

The amiable and tender-hearted pair had scarcely time to utter an exclamation of surprize, when the door was suddenly opened, and Mr. Harrison, (the elderly gentleman whom Sir Dennis in his haste to escape the preceding day had left in the hall,) was announced by a servant, and entered the room in so hurried a manner, without any apology for the unseasonable hour, that he added not a little to their astonishment, but not chusing to notice their wonder-struck faces, and not sorry to mortify a man whose character he could not esteem, he ex-

claimed with a half-laugh, which he did not endeavour to repress—"You have made a fine *kettle of fish* of it, Sir Dennis! I am sorry for your mistake—such a poor relation!—Why Mr. Collingwood has brought home a hundred thousand pounds or more with him, besides trunk upon trunk, baggage without end, filled no doubt with shawls and muslins, which you, Lady Collingwood, would, I dare say, have had your share of, if you could but have been sharp-sighted enough to have seen through his disguise, and have *pretended* to feel something for the forlorn and destitute situation which his appearance announced him to have been in.—Bless me, what have you lost! it is quite vexatious, besides

that, you might both have passed for the most affectionate and feeling of relations, instead of being now looked upon as quite the reverse."

Sir Dennis and Lady Collingwood could no longer keep their seats, they rose from the table, each throwing the blame on the other, and accusing each other of pride and hard-heartedness, which amused Mr. Harrison exceedingly, who on their at length expressing their doubts of the truth of his statement, and saying they must suppose he had been misinformed, assured them that he was perfectly correct, their *poor* cousin being at the same hotel he lived at, with all his servants, carriage, &c., that perceiving a great bustle, a quantity of baggage, and new faces, when he went home to dress for

dinner, he had enquired whom they belonged to, and the name of Arthur Collingwood having struck him with a faint idea of the truth, he had questioned one of the waiters, who on being examined, said that he had certainly seen the gentleman slip out of the hotel in the dress he described, though he could not guess the meaning of it, and that he was not yet returned; "so I will bet you twenty guineas," added Mr. Harrison, "that he is now gone to Mrs. Stuart, and I will bet twenty more, that she has given him a more friendly reception than you did."—He now wished them an agreeable evening, and left them, upbraiding each other, and trusting that the whole was a mistake.

Mr. Collingwood desired Williams to give himself no uneasiness about

the loss of his place, as he meant immediately to hire a house suited to his fortune, and said he should occupy the same situation in it which he had been so unjustly deprived of by Sir Dennis. I have now little more to add to my story. Arthur more than fulfilled his intentions with regard to Amelia, for Mr. Stuart was a man whom it was impossible to be acquainted with without feeling the highest esteem and respect for him, and he could not have been happy himself if any thing had been wanting to make his friend completely so.

Sir Dennis and his lady could not forget their unfortunate mistake, and it so happened that they were continually reminded of it, for they scarcely ever met at dinner without

having to recount to each other their having seen in their separate morning drives, either Mr. Collingwood in his elegant carriage, or Mrs. Stuart in hers. "And I never see the latter," added her ladyship, "but with a different shawl—I really believe she has one for every day in the week."—"Perhaps she may," replied Sir Dennis gruffly, "I care little about her shawls, but I cannot stand the *civil* enquiries I meet with from all my acquaintance after my cousin Arthur, and the *congratulations* I receive on his good fortune and safe return, and as I am not so blind but that I can easily perceive how they wish me to understand them, I shall no longer remain in town to be the jest of every one, but retire into the country till this disagreeable story is

a little blown over, so prepare to depart immediately, and then your eyes will not be wounded any more for some time with the sight of Amelia's shawls.

The loving couple departed, and did not return for nearly a twelve-month, but the story was not forgotten, and although their fortune insured them plenty of *company*, they lived without friends, whilst Mr. Collingwood and his two cousins spent their lives in the bosom of friendship, valued and beloved by all who knew them.

THE END.

A third person was also present to
 assist in the examination. The person
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 about thirty years of age and of
 the name of Mrs. J. H. H.

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